The high tide of the year is here, and so are we. We meet it at all points and nobody who relies on THE WHEN ever gets left.

Vast Displays of Summer

You see these in every department, and there is not a thing that man needs that we can't supply better and cheaper than any body.

That is the style. Beginning Monday we cut one-fifth off of all Light-weight Cassimeres in every department.

80 CENTS FOR A DOLLAR!

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Our Half-price Straw Hat Sale has called out such a rush of customers that we will continue it

THIS WEEK ONLY

Any Straw Hat in our house for one-half of the marked price. Cantons, Mackinaw, Milan, Dunstable, Shausi, Manillas-Men's, Boys and Childrens'-all go in this great Sacrifice Sale.

COME EARLY MONDAY.

THE WHEN

SCROFULOUSSORES

A Child's Great Sufferings Ended by the Cuticura Remedies.

When six months old the left hand of our little grandchild began to swell, and had every appearance of a large boil. We poulticed it but all to no purpose. About five months after, it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid seab, discharging a great deal This was his condition at twenty-two months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, of con sumption (scrofuls, of course). He could walk a little but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I im using the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap freely, and when he had taken one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent his head was completely cured and he was improved in every way. We were very much encouraged, and continued the use of the remedies for a year and a half. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose and were taken out then they would heal rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of six years, a strong and healthy child. The sears on his hand must always remain; his hands are strong, though we once feared he would never be able to use them. All that physicians did for him did him no good. All who saw the child before using the Cuticura Remedies and see the child now consider it a wonderful cure. If the above facts are of any use to you, you are at liberty to use them. MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,

May 9, 1885. 612 E. Clay St., Bloomington, Ill. Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease from pimples

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64

pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



The Great Medical Wonder. They will prositively cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Nervousness, Liver or Kidney Troubles, a great Blood Purifier and a System Tonic of unequaled Merit. They will instantly relieve Pains in the Stomach and all Pains in the Bowels; will cure Sick Headache in five minutes; a Vegetable Tonic that is absolutely peerless, guaranteed to be free from Mercury. Ask your druggist for it, or send to us direct, and they will come to you by return mail.

Price, \$1 per box. "MEXICAN CEREUS POLLEN" Registered. LADIES are requested to call at this office and get

a free sample of this Great Female Specific. Send 10 cents for sample by mail. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Price, \$1 for one month's treatment. F. S. NEWBY, Manager.

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BIOGRAPHY

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CLOSE SHAVE FOR OUR NAVY.

A British Man-of-War Actually Made Preparations to Fire on United States Ships.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 21.-No one knows how near coming into collision the British and American pavies were up to a month ago. Then the danger ended, and the Canadian Cabinet, now in possession of all the facts, breathes

Official information given out here makes it probable that the United States had intimated a willingness to agree to England's proposition, made nearly a year ago, for the appointment of a mixed commission to adjust the claims for damages made by the owners of the seized Canadian sealers in Behring's sea. Along with the intimation given above are the facts that indicate that at times there was serious danger of a collision between the warships. They are as follows: Her British Majesty's war ship Caroline—the same that has just gone north to shell the Indian settlements in the Skeena river country-arrived at Victoria, B. C., under instructions to repair, coal and provision. What her service was to be no one knew. She had just been seizing and raising the British flag. upon some islands in the Pacific ocean, and it was surmised that she was going back to see that the Germans did not do anything wrong with them. Here in Ottawa the Dominion Cabinet was in a flutter. Something was in the wind, and that something was nothing less than that the Caroline had been ordered to get ready to proceed to Behring's sea. Every attempted exercise of jurisdiction by the United States beyond the three-mile limit was to be met by actual resistance, and every British vessel captured by American cutters or seized by American authority in Alaskan ports was to be recaptured by the Caroline at the muzzle of her guns,

There was, it is alleged, considerable doublefaced dealing on the part of the English in this matter. For instance, early in April, when one of the captured Canadian sealers complained to the Dominion government that he had no protection, the Deputy Minister of Fisheries and Marine said that the matter had been submitted to negotiations then going on, and that the Dominion government had earnestly and repeatedly represented to the British gevernment the gravity of the wrong to which Canadian citizens had been subjected in Bebring's sea, and had urgently pressed for a reparation of such wrong. This official added that the authority of the government of Canada was limited to the protection of its territorial waters, and that it had no power to send armed vessels on the high seas to defend subjects or their property. Immediately following this disavowal of any intention on the part of Canada of adopting resistance as a mode of settling the Behring's sea seal fishery troubles, the home government ordered the Caroline to proceed to Victoria, and not as told above. Early in May the Dolphin, the new United States dispatch boat, left San Francisco for Alaska. It was given out at the time that she was carrying instructions to the Alaskan authorities from Washington, but later on it became known that she had gone thither to see that the claims of the United States to jurisdiction over the waters were not disregarded. Messages flashed over the Canadian Pacific wires to Ottawa from Victoria. The cables to England were kept busy for nearly a week. A member of Parliament asked in the House of Commons whether the Secretary of the Colonies had any information to the effect that the United States had sent a man-of-war to Alaska to enforce its claims to the jurisdiction over Behring's sea, and was answered ambiguously that the British government had not received any official notification from Washington of such a move. And then, as a result of all this bustle and ex-

A FADED or grizzly beard is unbecoming to any man, and may be colored a natural brown or black by using Buckingham's Dye for the

Whiskers.

citement, the Caroline was ordered to discharge

her stores and await orders. The projected trip

to Alaska and Behring's sea was given up. The

times were not good for a collison with the

United States on either land or sea, and the

British government dropped their foolish idea as

CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

A Princely Visitor with a Big Mustache and Possible Matrimonial Designs.

How a Deformed but Brainy Girl Succeeds in Life-Pearl Eytinge's Appeal for a Murderess-New Departure in Philanthropy.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

New York, July 21.—There's a new prince in town. His Royal Highness, Prince Albert Bernard, of Saxe-Weimar, Duke of Saxony, and holder of various smaller titles, has been in New York a week. He is small and bald, with a mustache disproportionately big, as though its material had unfortunately slid down from his scalp to his lip. He is a cousin of the new Emperor of Germany. As he is a bachelor, and not rich except in blood, he will interest our handsome beiresses desirous of marrying foreign titles. Whether he is open to matrimonial offers is not known, but an incident indicates that he is inappreciative of masculine toadyism. The companion of his travels is Richard Fuchs Mordhoff, a baron of no particular account, but much more portly and handsome than the prince. Several young dandies of the Union Club, who were acquainted with somebody who knew Prince Albert, thought to make friends with him. They went around to his hotel and sent up their cards. At his request, Nordhoff went down and saw them, permitted them to mistake him for his Highness, and got rid of them as soon as he politely could do so. The prince warmly thanked his friend for saving him from being bored. As he was then spending an hour in a chat with several newspaper reporters, the inference is that he prefers intellectual conversation to club compliments. For the information of managing mothers, I publish the fact that the prince is going to spend the rest of July at Newport. He will lodge at a hotel there, but will be to a considerable extent a guest of William K. Vanderbilt, who is making ready for social festivities on a grand scale. That will put him into our most pronounced set of imitation aristocrats, and will enable him to pick out an American girl of fortune to marry if

Everybody ought to be glad to hear of a deformed and impoverished person getting along prosperously with the nabobs of wealth. Marshall P. Wilder, the terribly misshapen humorist, has worked himself into a goodly income by entertaining the swells of London and New York with his comic elecution and grimaces. He is a forward fellow, intruding himself boldly into all sorts of occasious, but what would be intolerable in an ordinary man is forgiven him for his natural misfortune, and he is as privileged a jester as any of those who in olden times were permitted to make merry at royal courts. A newer and gentler success, achieved by not entirely dissimilar methods, is that of Marian Foster. She is a bunch of physical malformation, and would be excusable for leaving herself to public care. But she did nothing so lazy as that. Probably you have read her name many times. She industriously cultivated artistic skill until she was able to paint reasonably well. Then she fixed up a partnership with Fanny Davenport, the actress, under which she painted decorations on some fine dresses for stage use, and shared in their publicity. Miss Davenport evolved interviews descriptive of the work and the worker, and these were interesting enough to be widely printed. That gave valuable advertising to both, and Miss Foster got a good start by means of it. I saw her this week at a \$5-a day summer hotel, where she is wheeled about in an invalid chair by her own servant, where she is pitied and petted by a number of the rich guests, and where she finds a market for her pictures at extravagant figures. She is sharp and shrewd. If some wealthy woman admires a painting, and asks the price she replies: "Oh, you may have it for whatever you think it's worth to you." Probably the intrinsic value is \$10 to \$20, but by an avoidance of bargaining she gets a hundred or more. In one instance, an Astor gave her \$500 for a piece of work worth about fifty. Thus the helplessly crippled girl is rewarded with luxurious living for her brave determination to be independent. She will divide ber summer quite gayly between three or four watering places, instead of moping in some

charitable institution. No actress ever devoted more care to the preparation of a role, nor more vim to the performance of it, than did Pearl Eytinge in her character of a pleader for the life of Chiara Cignarale, the convicted murderess. Miss Eytinge has married herself away from the footlights, and she declares that she has no intention of returning to them. So it is fair to acquit her of seeking notority for the sake of its business value. Pearl is as eccentric as she is handsome. Ten years ago she was a young wife and mother in Philadelphia. She concluded that she would beher hasband and babe would be bothersome. therefore she quitted them, and has never had anything to do with them since. She acted for year or two in Wallack's company, and developed a great deal of ability. For half a dozen years she pursued her profession assiduously and with a fair amount of success. Then she freakishly concluded that she had been on the stage long enough, and so she retired into private life as Mrs. Fleron. A chance visit of curiosity to the Tombs gave to her a view of Chiara, whose big Italian eyes and sad face were weirdly like a Raphael's Madonna. The sight was enough to convince the whimsical actress that the murderess ought not to be hanged. She inquired into the case and declared that she would save the poor, terrified wretch. The circumstances of the crime were not favorable for the project. Chiara had deserted her husband to elope with another man, and when the former visited her and upbraided her for her perfidy, she got a pistol, tollowed him in the street, and deliberately shot him to death. But if arguments for clemency were lacking, Pearl was resolved that dramatic fervor should serve in their stead. She wrote out an impassioned appeal to Governor Hill, committed it to memory as she would a part in a play, rehearsed it until she was able to deliver it with intense emotion, and then made a trip to Albany, where she spoke her piece to the Governor in a style of declamation which the official chamber had probably never heard before. A witness of the interview tells me that the Governor received her politsly. motioned her to a chair, and took a seat himself placidly behind his desk. But the actress was not going to talk to him sitting quietly. She stood up and spoke in the manner of a tragedy queen. "Mercy for Chiara Cignarale!" the actress exclaimed. "Oh, sir, we pray thee give one kindly thought to that poor dying creature, driven to desperation and despair by the cruelty of one who had broken his altar vows, forgotten his faith in God and dishonored the name of man by striking to the earth the pale, weak, helpless mother of his children. We implore your Excellency to consider that dread disease already fastened upon her poor, frail frame. We have seen her upon her prison couch, with great, sad, yearning eyes, from out whose dark depths sorrow and repentance are shadowed forth. We have watched her wan lips moving in ceaseless supplication, and we beg you to grant her the blessing of executive clemency. Exercise that grand official power, and with one strose of the mighty pen spare the poor Chiara's life and send ber that blessed reprieve wherein to save her soul and make her peace with God." The delivery was accompanied with theatric gestures, and all the dramatic power at the command of the actress was utilized. The Governor seemed stunned for a moment, but he managed to calmly assure his singular visitor that he would carefully con-

In the way of practical philanthropy, it is proposed in one somewhat fashionable coterie to organize for the relief of sick bachelors. A melancholy picture can be drawn of these forlorn creatures, alone, helpless and suffering at the mercy of an unsympathetic landlady, who looks upon the patient as a nuisance and destitute of the small attentions and comforts that the ailing Benedict obtains. It is not every | these articles of clothing has been found, and it a moderate sum visit patients at frequent inter- | off his epaulets.

vals during the day, attend to the wants of the sick-room, and leave such things at hand as the invalid would be likely to require until her next visit. Surely here is an excellent opportunity for some one to start a very promising institution. A cynical male friend suggests that it might rather prove a breachof-promising institution, but I will hear no such frivolous suggestions. Mrs. Grundy will, of course, have something to say in the matter, and she will be the very first to wag her scandalous old head over the establishment of a society of cheap, trained nurses to look after the homeless bachelor. "If he does not marry the nurse," she cries, "the nurse will marry him." It does not follow by any means. All girls are not possessed by the mania of matrimony; and although it is true, because natural, that they are kind, thoughtful and affectionate to men simply because they are men, and to every maid and matron (except Jael and Delilah), a helpless Sisera and Samson appeal, it by no means follows that they want to marry the man they have soothed and comforted under an attack of rheumatic fever, or for whom they have made the lagging hours fly by "lending the rhyme of the poet to the music of their voice," as he lies prone for six weeks or more with a broken leg. I trust the society for the nursing of sick bachelors will soon be in full working

order, and most heartily do I wish it success.

Who would suppose that among the white

wives of Chinamen in New York there would

be any ideas of social caste? It is easy to imagine

that any American woman willing to marry a

yellow mongol would not care much with whom she associated in her own sex. But there is going to be a Chinese excursion next week. The biggest Chinaman in town, considered commercially, is Tom Lee. He is a wealthy importer and seller of Chinese products, and his word is the best law known to his countrymen in the Chinese colony. He is to say who shall and who shall not go on the forthcoming excursion. He declares that it is going to be a high-toned affair. His wife is of New York birth, a rather good-looking young woman, and practically she is the authority in the matter of invitations. Of course, Chinese loafers-those addicted disgracefully to opium-smoking and gambling-are first to come under Mrs. Tom Lee's ban. A second batch of persons under taboo for this occasion are those Chinamen's wives whose characters prior to marriage were notorlously bad. Thus far there is nothing surprising in the rules which this influential matron in Chinese society has laid down. But a third class doomed to exclusion are Chinamen who go to Christian Sunday-schools. Mrs. Tom Lee has embraced the religion of Confucius, in which her husband is a stalwart, and she takes the view that apostates from that fate are socially degraded. I went to her to inquire about this thing. "What you have heard is true," she replied. "We will not let any Chinese Christians go on this excursion. We want to be thoroughly respectable. We don't think that Chinese Christians are fit to associate with. It is true that some of the Chinese go to Christian Sun day schools simply for the sake of learning English, and don't accept the religion at all. Such persons can go with us if they will take a Chinese oath that they are no believers in Christianity. That will be a good way of finding out how many of the supposed converts are real converts. I guess there ain't many." She told me that there would be a remarkable disclosure of Chinese wives. It has been a custom of Chinese in this city to bring over native brides surreptitiously, passing them off on the voyage as boys, and then secluding them in their homes here. Tom Lee has come to the conclusion that this is nonsense. He believes that the privacy of women deemed right in China is not essential here, and that Chinese women while in America might as well do as American women do. The expectation is, therefore, that something like fifty Chinese wives will join American wives of Chinamen on this excursion, thus making their social debut and

abandoning a celebrated Chinese custom. Truly, the novelty-monger is an inventive genius. It amazes me sometimes to see what unlikely objects are brought forward as new and quaint ideas, and how readily we adopt as new fashions the very things that, under other names, have been beneath our eyes every day for years. The craze for old oak, with which we are smitten, has brought to light all manner of odds and ends for which other uses than that for which they were originally intended has had to be found, and among these is the old-fashioned carved cradle, with its wooden top, that the modern mother despises as too out-of-date for her offspring. Some brilliantly-inspired person has discovered that these old cradles make quaint receptacles for flowers, and accord ingly everyone who is not lucky enough to possess one of the old-fashioned articles of nursery furniture is anxious to procure one, the consequence being a considerable rise in their market value. They really do make very charming jardinieres, and the discoverer of this fact deserves thanks for having found so excellent a use for a piece of goods that has so far been regarded as a mere curiosity.

CLARA BELLE. AN OLD-TIME CHARACTER.

Ex-Secretary George M. Robeson at the Foo of the Ladder, but Ready to Mount.

Special to the Indianapolis Journas-TRENTON, N. J., July 21.-Ex-Secretary George M. Robeson, not long ago one of the most conspicuous characters in this country, is now a Trentonian, whose walk and talk attract scarcely any attention. The man who was for years one of General Grant's closest admirers and one of the prime leaders of the Republican party in the Nation, is now at the foot of the ladder again. Over sixty years of age and not in the very best of health, the once Secretary of the Navy in the famous Cabinet of a famous administration, proposes to start where he started when a young man. It is a plucky thing to do, but the old

politician has plenty of pluck. Then he has one great advantage over the period when he first began climbing the ladder of fame. He now has lots of experience, and experience of a very valuable brand. He knows politics has not paid him, while the law has.

He knows that he must keep out of the political arena and confine himself to his practice, What he reaped in practice, he lost in politics. On putting his foot on the ladder, Geo. M. Robeson will put it there as a lawyer and not as He has opened an office here in the capitol of

New Jersey. His shingle is a modest one, but he means business. His bouse in Washington has been sold and the proceeds went to wipe out his debts. But there are debts yet and the Robeson family will have to live quietly at the old home in Camden, which is understood to be in Mrs. Robeson's name. Robeson really begins practice over again. He has some civil business to begin with, but not much. He was one of the counsel for the Reading and New Jersey Central railroads when his friend Henry S. Little was president of the latter road, but he no longer represents them. All this sounds discouraging, but as a matter of fact Mr. Robeson will soon acquire a lucrative practice, such as he formerly had. He is a very able lawyer and is so recognized by the members of the bar, both here and at Washington. Before the Supreme Court. State and national, he is a power, and already promises of big cases in that court have been made him. Personally, Robeson is very popular. Outside of politics, he is universally liked for his genial manners and his whole souled way of doing things. His fellow

Robeson does not mean to enter politics again. There are a few old political scores he would like to even up, if he can do so quietly and without bringing himself into political publicity. He has a particular grudge against ex-Senator William J. Sewell, who prevented George M. from returning to Congress from the Camden district six years ago. It was Robeson's political death-knell, and he isn't likely to forget it. But only as a lawyer will Robeson be heard of in the future.

lawyers all respect him and want to see him

The Cost of Napoleon's Greatcoats.

Of all the historical garments which crowd the great museums of the world none are more famous than the "gray overcoat" and "chapeau" of Napolean I, celebrated in Beranger's and Raffet's poems, and painted by scores of aspiring French artists. At a recent search through the archives of the times of the great conqueror the tailor's and hatter's account for some of

UTAH UNDERGOING CHANGE

The Old-Time Political Relations Seem To Be on the Verge of Disruption.

The Development of the Country and the March of Business Causing Changes That Laws Were Powerless to Bring About.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. WASHINGTON, July 21 .- R. W. Sloan, manager of the Salt Lake City Herald, spent a couple of days in the city last week, and, in talking over the condition of affairs in Mormon-.dom, expressed himself quite freely.

"I think the old political relations in Utah are on the eve of deruption," he said in answer to a query, "and at an early day the political contests in Utah will be, on national as well as local issues."

"Has it not always been so?" "No, indeed. Ours of all local politics have been the most local; and, while parties have gone under the names of 'Liberal' and 'People's,' they have been synonymous with gentile

and Mormon." "What is at the bottom of this change in

"Several causes. The recent movement for statehood is one of them. This was inaugurated by the adoption of a Constitution in which there was an anti-polygamy provision so strong and effective that it has been protested against by those most strongly denouncing polygamous practices. By this I mean that the provision preventing a revocation of the anti-polygamy clause was so far-reaching that some have questioned the right of Congress to permit such a condition to be imposed on a new State. Then, also, there has been a general disposition to cease the incessant bickering so long continued in Utah, between her people of varied shades of opinion, and with a relaxation of the pro-and-con fight on domestic issues there has come a growing interest in and inclination toward national questions. You see, four gentiles were elected to the Council at the last municipal election in Salt Lake City, and this would not have been save for the fact that Mormons voted for them." "But why did Mormons vote for these oppo-

"There are those who will tell you that it was caused by anticipation among Mormons that it would be but a short time before they were in

the minority themselves, and they might themselves want such a favor. The Mormons, bowever, put it this way: In the next two years a great many public improvements will have to be made; the gentiles pay a large proportion of our taxes, and it is only fair that they should have a voice in the expenditure of public moneys for public works. The proffer was accepted by the gentiles, and one-third of the municipal body is now composed of non-Mormons."

"May one infer from this that Mormons and gentiles will unite politically hereafter."

"No, I do not say that; but it is one of the evidences that there is a decrease in the bitterness and asperity formerly existing between Mormons and gentiles. Among a certain class the rancor is probably as strong as ever; but with our conservative men, those of business sagacity, and who are not politicians by instinct and training, the tendency is to break away from former conditions, and establish such relationships as will induce harmonious action in the direction of building up Utah materially, and especially Salt Lake City. So they may differ politically and religiously, and still work as a unit toward pecuniary ends." "And you think this movement will succeed?" "I am quite assured of it, and for several rea-

one. You see, we have a country in Utah singularly rich in mineral resources. We have almost every mineral except tip, and we have them in such boundless quantities, such unusual purity, and so easy of access that it is absolutely certain that they will be utilized for manu-factures before long. Then we have an exceptionally rich agricultural section, and in tah we can grow anything common to semitropical and temperate climes. Our fruits are of free growth, luscious and large. Our breadstuffs are cheap; we have almost an empire in ourselves, and shut off from the world, we could, out of our own resources, obtain all the necessities of life, most of its luxuries, and found and sustain manufactories to supply three-fourths of the kind of manufactured prod ucts of the world. Then in Salt Lake City we have also a most remarkably healthful climate and sanitary surroundings, which include our mineral springs, our lake, mountain retreats and so on. Now, we are conscious of these possessions. We understand they will no longer remain unrecognized save by a few, and we also realize that they mean innumerable fortunes to the enterprising, and a great and prosperous harvest. By a perpetuation of the incessant internal wrangling, and external dread and opposition, for which Utak has, for years, been noted, the inauguration of many industries must be delayed, and the accumulation of means be retarded. Neither [Mormon nor gentile wishes this should be so, and both have called a halt; they have banded together to further the material interests of Utah and enhance the prospects of Salt Lake City."

"How is this to be accomplished?" "They are going into manufactures themelves; and are endeavoring to induce others to follow the example. They have started out to advertise to the whole country the vast resources which have hitherto been ignored, or remained unrecognized because of the paramount interest in local, religious and political issues. Nearly all the energies of our people, hitherto, have been ex-pended in these directions, and the stranger within our gates, and who has come to visit us. has gone away filled with convictions or disgust one way or another and has been as uninformed of our opportunities as we were unmindful to tell him. And we have not kept pace with our

sister towns of the West." "But what particular future do you see for Salt Lake as a manfacturing or jobbing point?" "We look for it in these and other directions. It will be a residence city, for it has all the advantages-view, lake bathing, clear and heathful air and mineral springs. It is beautifully laid out and tree-embowered. It cannot help being in the vicinity of large manufactures any more than it can help being a railroad center. And it will be a jobbing point, too. Denver is about 600 miles east of us; Helena nearly the same distance north; there is no city west of us until San Francisco is reached, and none south. All this country is to-day partially tributary to Salt Lake. It is a growing section, and will be confirmed in its allegiance to Salt Lake as a obbing point. We have no possible rival, and say it unhesitatingly." "About polygamy-is that going by the

"Can you not see the solution of this and other features there in the plans adopted to adver tise Utah! The influx of population into Utah in the next three years will do more than all the laws that have been passed, and all that may be passed in the next quarter of a century toward the solving of vexed questions in the greatest and most blessed of the Territories."

A HORSE WITH NEW HOOFS The Stallion Domestic Shod for the First Time Since Loosing His Feet,

The stallion Domestic has just been shod for the first time since he lost his boofs last fall. Domestic's case is a most interesting one to last August, and, in some way, contracted a sick bachelor who can afford an expensive nurse at a time when he is himself incapacitated from work; and it is, therefore, thought that a norsat a time when be is himself incapacitated from he paid 60f, while his "redingotes grises" cost ness, or both. The operation was performed, and beard were auturn, if we may credit the work; and it is, therefore, thought that a nursing association might be formed for the supply in ade very wide, for, contrary to the custom of less in his stall with his feet tied in cotton, subchurch, and Milton's "hyacinthine" locks were God.

about as the necessities of the case required. By January last new and thin, but shapely, hoofs had grown over the exposed laminæ, and the horse was able to get upon its feet again.

He was carefully brought back to Washingtonville, N. Y., the home of his owner, John H. Goldsmith, where he has since remained. The new hoofs have now grown apparently strong and perfect, but the process of shoeing developed signs of abnormal tenderness of the feet. Whether the horse will ever be able to reappear in his old place among the champions of the trotting track is still an open and interesting question which only the course of time can

Domestic is seven years old; was got by Volunteer, dam Godiva by Godfrey's Patchen, and has a record of 2:201. Before he had trouble with his feet Goldsmith valued him at \$20,000. Mr. Goldsmith is reluctant to consign the horse to the stud until it shall have been proved that he cannot be made fit for another turf cam-

GENERAL HARRISON'S CHARACTER.

Strong Testimony Concerning It from His Paster, the Rev. M. L. Haines. New York Independent.

Your request for information concerning General Harrison is before me. I suppose your desire is to learn especially what he has been in his relations to the church of which he is a member, and how he is regarded here by those who have been associated with him in religious and social relations.

When he came to Indianapolis as a young law-yer at the age of 22 he was already a profess-ing Christian. He had united with the Presbyterian Church of Oxford, Ohio, during his student life in Miama University. Mrs. Harrison and he brought their letters with them and identified themselves immediately with the First Presbyterian Church of this city. During the thirtyfour years since that time they have been among its most consistent, efficient and honored mem-

The Rev. Drs. J. H. Nixon, of Wilmington; R. D. Harper, of Philadelphia; J. P. Kumler, of Pittsburg, and Myror Reed, of Denver, each of whom has been in succession the pastor of the First Church, could, I doubt not, give interesting reminiscences of the help they received from this elder and his wife. Mr. Harrison, when but 24 years of age, was elected to the office of deacon, and four years later, in January, 1861, under Dr. Nixon's pastorate, was made an elder, the ordination service as the church record reads, being "performed by the laying on of the hands of the session."

For some time before the war Mr. Harrison was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and after his return from the army was for a number of years, up to his election as United States Senator, the teacher of the congregational Bible class for men. So successful was he in this work that he drew to the class a large number of young men active in business and professional life. I meet among the officers and members of the churches of different denominations in the city not a few who speak with enthusiasm of the instruction and inspiration to a true life they received while members of that class. One of its former members said to me yesterday "General Harrison always had a clear concep tion of the truth in his head, and he had that truth also in his heart."

Amidst the press of professional engagements he somehow so managed as to be rarely absent, and during one of his political campaigns, when he was speaking six days in the week, insisted that his appointments should be so arranged that he could get back to Indianapolis Saturday evening, and thus be enabled to meet his class Sunday morning. The faithfulness to duty thus exhibited has ever been a marked characteristic of the man.

This faithfulness shows itself also in the reg ularity of his attendance upon the Sunday and mid-week services of his church and in the loyal and thorough way be meets the responsibilities that rest upon him as an officer. He takes hold of his duties with both hands earnestly. "Our responsibility to God" is a phrase I have heard him use a number of times in his prayers, and in such a tone as to make it clear that it is one of the great truths that shape his thinking and

Those who hear General Harrison, when called upon to lead in prayer in the Thursday evening service in his church, cannot but notice the simplicity and chasteness of expression, the humility of spirit and the deep sense of reverence that characterize his utterance. I venture to allude to this because the real disposition of man's heart often comes to its clearest betrayal in his prayers.

There is about General Harrison an utter absence of pretense or affectation. He discards any attempt to make a show of himself, and would be the last person to speak or act for mere effect. Open and straightforward in both language and actions, he lacks that quality of a politician which makes one expert at "pulling wires" and "laying pipes." Generous in his benevolences, he has always taken a hearty interest in the various charitable organizations of the city, and his popularity among the Roman Catholics, Hebrews and Protestants alike attests to the breadth and genuineness of his sympa-

In religious and charitable activities he has had an earnest helper in Mrs. Harrison. For a number of years she was the teacher of the infant class in the Sunday-school. She takes a leading part in the missionary and social work of the ladies of the church, and is prominent in the management of the Indianapolis Orphan

Asylum and other public benevolences. Those who would like to read what I see the Independent cails "a speech of remarkable power' will find in General Harrison's "Dan ville Address," printed in the Indianapolis Journal of Nov. 28, 1887, his views of the evils of the liquor traffic and his ringing denunciations of any alliance between the Republican y and the Liquor League. General Harrison is emphatically an anti-saloon Republican. In regard to the form in which the issue has joined here in Indiana his trumpet has given no uncertain sound. He has declared strongly for local option and increased restriction to the extent to which public sentiment can secure and

I will not presume to draw aside the veil that conceals the home life of General Harrison and his family; yet I feel free to say that it is a Christian American home of the noblest type, where the affection that binds its members is purified and strengthened by faith in God, and where from the family altar that was erected more than a third of a century ago, there goes up each day the utterance of thanksgiving and confession and prayer to the Heavenly Father.

Looked Like a Man.

At the Monad House, where no man, save the hostler, has been seen for six weeks, there was quite a commotion the other evening. One of the young ladies came running into the house in breathless excitement, and her eyes standing

"Girls!" she exclaimed, "come-come quick! don't stop a moment." And she turned about and ran with all her might in the direction of the cherry trees, and the whole company followed at her heels. Arrived at the cherry orchard, the leader pointed eagerly into one of the trees. "See!"

is not, it cannot be, a man!" "No," said the young woman in subdued tones; 'no, it is not a man, but then it reminds one so strongly of man, it is so restful to one's "True!" murmured an elderly female; "it is lovely, not so much in itself as what it sug-

"What is it?" cried a half-dozen voices. "I

"Girls!" said another of the group, "benceforth we will make this our trystring place. Here will we come to exchange confidences and reflect upon the dear creatures we left in the tumultuous city." As they returned boarding-house-ward slowly and almost mechanically, the summer air was burdened with sighs and the emerald turf glistened with the dew from their eyelids.

There Were No White Horses Then.

How are we to account for the popular prejudice against red bair! Is it connected with the tradition that Judas Iscarlot was red haired, or is it of earilier origin! So strong was the sentiment against it in the middle ages that one of the chronielers densunced it as "a burning brand of infidelity." It may very well be that the batred with which William Rufus was rehorsemen, and should be finally be able to re- garded owed an extra dash of intensity to the turn to the turf as a campaigner, every detail of | color of his tawny locks. Not a few famous the singular treatment he has undergone will be | personages, however, have been endowed by greedily looked up. The horse took part in a | nature with hair of this fata! hue (which their stubbornly-contested seven-heat race at Detroit | flatterers, no doubt, persisted in describing as auburn); for instance, Anne Boleyn (Mr. severe cold which developed into laminitis or | Froude speaks of "her fair hair as flowing loose acute inflammation of the laminæ of the fore | over her shoulders"); Queen Elizabeth (Sir Richveterinary surgeon who attended the horse decided to resort to the novel and delicate surgical
operation of removing the hoofs with the knife.

Usually, in cases of this kind, the old hoof is
permitted to slough off or to be pushed off by
the new growth of horn, but this treatment inthe new growth of horn, but this treatment in- has not been uncommon among "the brother- buttons of him, left after the arrest of kindly and competent nurses, who would for the officers of that period, Napoleon never took a moderate sum visit patients at frequent inter- off his enaulets.

Grace Greenwood on Summer Amusements at the French Capital.

Summer Days That Have No Nights-Scenes Along the Boulevards of Paris and in Front of the Cafes-July Fetes and Carnivals.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Our friends who visit Paris at this season will not find coolness certainly, but a heat less ferocious than that of New York and of less deadly oppressiveness than that of Philade phia. They will not find there many Parisians of the nobility or haut ton, but they will not miss them from its matchless boulevards, parks, promenades and drives. The town will still be full of bustle and brightness, the sounds of gay talk and laughter, the clatter of hoofs, the roll of carringe wheels. They will find trams and omnibuses, excursion trains and multitudes of frisky little excursion steamers still doing lively business. The Grand Prix winds up the season for fashionable Parisians, but the full unwasting current of the people's careless, pleasure-seeking life says with a laugh and a

Swells may come, and swells may go, But I flow on forever.

This is the great season of out-door living among the French. Every family possessing garden the size of a table-cloth takes its meals al fresco. At the countless little tables in from of a Parisian cafe men sit for hours and hours, enjoying big cigars and small beer, prunes and politics, and women toying with ices and eau sucre, sipping and gossiping. Through the long evenings these seats are filled, and as late as you may happen to be out you will see no vacancies before the choice boulevard cafes. Indeed, there seems to be no longer in Paris that old-fashioned institution night-electricity has witched it inte

day. But in those late hours there are fewer women at the tables-and gayer and londer-and they sip not eau sucre, but eaude vie, and the men are many of them drinking absinthe, that deadly liquor of a sickly green, which always reminded me of the venom of serpents. The French are a queer people as regards God's sun and air. They conspire, are ever on the alert, to keep them out of their houses, yet never get enough of them on the blessed boulevards. They have a mortal fear of draughts. To protect theme selves on the train, and in tram-cars and omnic buses, they are accistomed to stuff their ears with wool or cotton. So many do this that you are inclined to believe them a distinct, ear-tufted

French fashion has its apogee in the Grand Prix day. At Long Champs and all along the great drive thither, through the Champs Elysees, there is a display of ravishing summer toilets, which no other city in the world can rival, and of splendid equipages only to be equaled in royal London. The horsey world and the demi-monde have here their innings, but patriotism has its grand glory-burst at the July fetes, in the gorgeons decorations of the streets and public buildings, and in the magnificent illuminations and marvelous pyrotechnics. The wildest imagination can hardly picture the splendor and prodigal beauty of the scene-the endless succession of scenes-a mighty carnival of light and color, in which all the rainbows since the flood might be represented. The stars of the Milky Way, indistinguishable in their infinity, seem to have swarmed and settled down on Paris.

Those popular fetes are for us grander to look back upon than even the Queen's jubilee we witnessed last year, for they were nobly imper-sonal; the "boom" of no monarch, the gorgeous they constituted the people intoles W. mingled freely with that people, and found 2 French crowd, even of the poorer classes, less rude and rough than the ordinary English and cleaner and less maledorous than an Italian

Immediately after these fetes we fled away to Houlgate, a pleasant bathing-place on the coast of Normandy, near the market town of Divas, from whose obscure port William the Conqueror set forth some eight hundred years ago, on the little autumnal expedition which changed the course of history tor eastern Europe and probably affected the political destiny of a then unknown continent, away toward "the jumpingoff place" of the world. If William had not been ambitious, but bad

stayed at home in Caen with Tilda and the

children, we would hardly have been in the throes of President-making in this year of our Lord. All along that delightful coast are popular summer resorts, the favorite of fashion being Trouville. We visited most of them, but we preferred Houlgate, as being the most unpretending and rural. Doubtiess it has since been improved out of its old charm of simplicity and easy-going seaside life. Its beach is a very fine one, and the day's doings on its silver sands doubtiess closely resembled the busy idleness of other French seaside places. All through the pleasant morning, before and after the bathing hours, and during that time, if the tide was not too high, that beach was thronged with a motwith their eternal spades and buckets and wheelbarrows, gossiping nurses and maids. gentlemen, smoking, reading, or teasing dogs, -- ladies, embroidering or knitting and chatting pleasantly with their neighbors, whether friend or merely chance acquaintances. In this social freedom and polite though entirely surfacy, and so safe, intercourse with strangers of respecta-ble appearance, French ladies and gentlemen are singularly unlike certain people across the channel and more unlike certain other people across the ocean, afflicted with Anglo-manis.

We spent a good part of one summer very

pleasantly, though in great retirement, in a

small country house, by courtesy a villa be-

longing to a family with whom we had been boarding in Paris. This house was just out of the quaint old vile lage of Celle St. Cloud, and on land which had once been a part of the vast old hunting grou of the sport-loving Bourbon kings. There were still about the neighborhood some small tracts of forest with charming avenues and shady, flow ery paths, most delightful for our morning sud evening rambles. About a mile away from Celle St. Cloud, deeply inclosed in a silent forest, stands yet the old hunting lodge of Louis XIV and his successors, surrounced by a weedy, unclipt lawn—the old "meet" of the hunting parties. Both lodge and lawn have an unspe dreary aspect, something strangely lonesome at "pokerish"-a haunted air, when you think of of the feasting, and laughter, and love making, the gay equipages, the horses and hounds, the princes and pages, the courtiers and courtesans that in "the good old times" made them scenes of such gayety an brilliant display. Here, doubtless, came in a the splendor of their beauty, in all the ine of their power, famous court favorites and vice-queens, such as Montespan, Pompadour and Dubarry—real, full-blown, openly-acknowledged royal mistresses. There was no psinful doubt about their positions, as in the case of some modern court beauties. While these profigate princes and shameless dames were disporting themselves at the "meet," in the background, under the shade of the wood, may have jurked certain gaunt shapes, wild-eyed and ragged-starying peasants, suilenly biding their time. Now some of the descendants of those poor socie dens, carved out of those vast idle plan grounds of royalty. Vive la Republique!
From the windows of our rooms in the little we enjoyed a wonderfully fine view of the winding Seine, of the noble aqueduct of Band of the distant palace and famous to of St. Germain. That was a magnificent to site, but Louis XIV failed to enjoy it, bear Cathedral of St. Denis, in the crypt of the princes of his race were buried. So h built Versailles, that stupendous monument royal pride and luxury-built it with mo

wrung from his alread, overtaxed and despe ate subjects-built that beautiful acr through which the Seins paid loyal tribute spouting water to please people of mobile block in the fountains of Voraniles, and later, and by a mysterious double action, spouting noble blood to please the people at Paris. All these costs

The summer I towns are very am